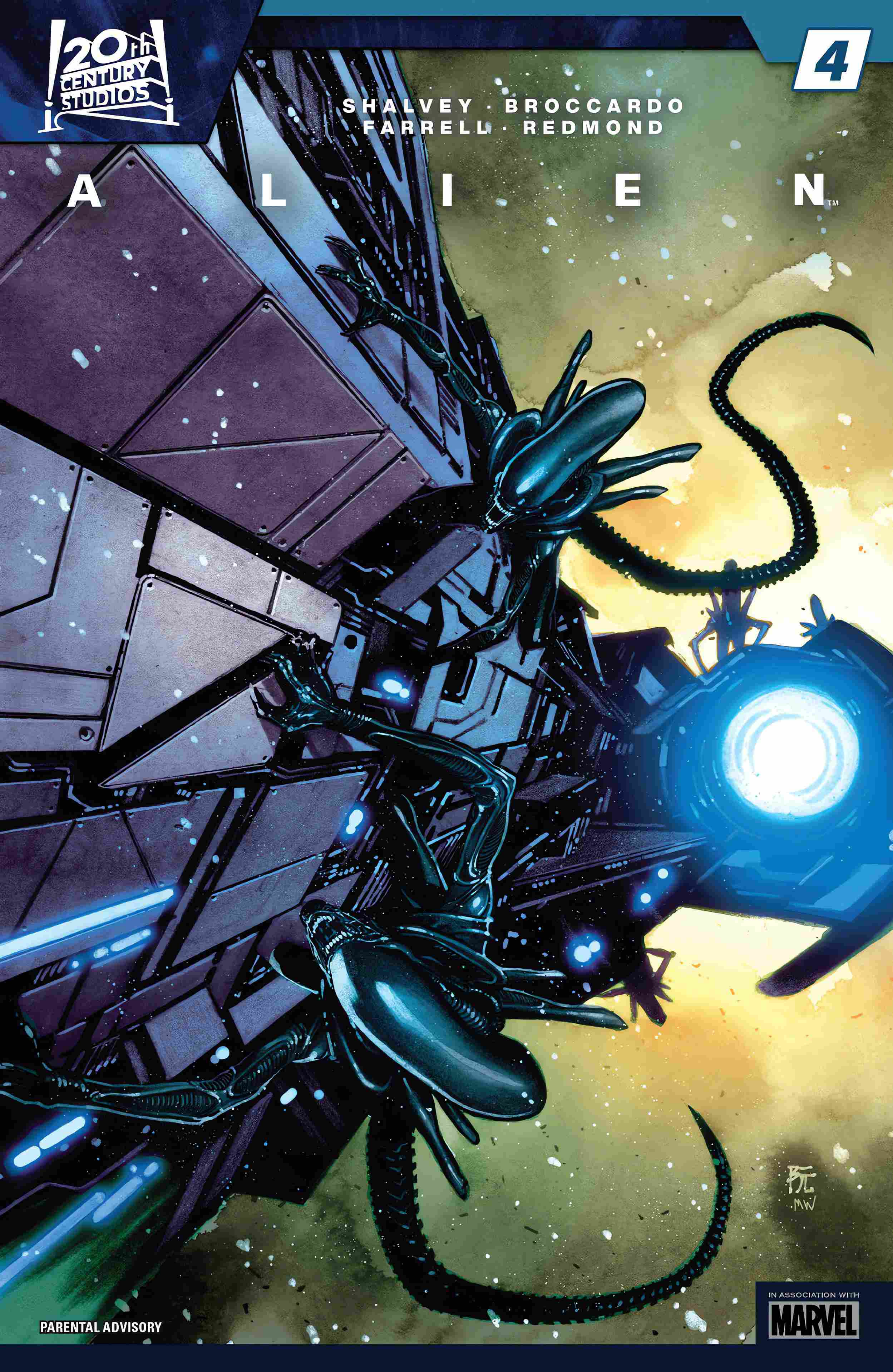




4

SHALVEY · BROCCARDO
FARRELL · REDMOND

A L I E N TM

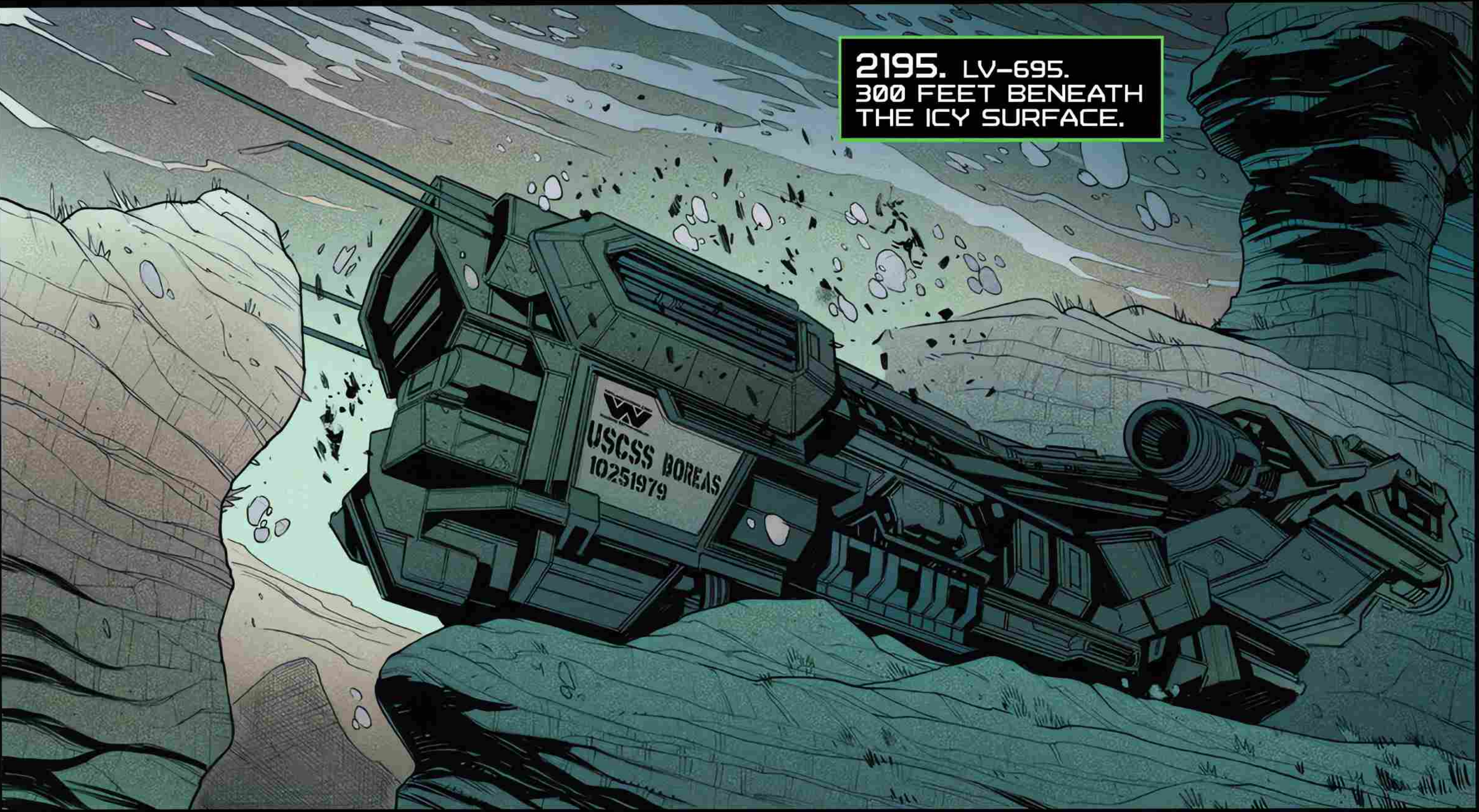


PL
MW

PARENTAL ADVISORY

IN ASSOCIATION WITH
MARVEL

2195. LV-695.
300 FEET BENEATH
THE ICY SURFACE.





You need to get ahold of this situation, Sergeant!

I'm doing what I can, Wendell. Sir.

Soldiers, report! I want those fires out.

Anyone got eyes on the locals?

Sir, Harrison here. I'm with Doc Cleary.

We can't reach the rest of the team, but we've put down an unidentified hostile.

Hostile?! Okay, Harrison, circle back to the control room and we'll regroup.

That goes for the rest of you-- anyone reading this, fall back to the control room.



What was that?

Cleary, how far out are you?

E.T.A. is fifteen minutes, sir.



CLIK CLIK
TIKATIK



Better make it five, soldier.



Nooooooooo.

Not Dayton...

He was just trying to save us, like he always did.

I know. I... I'm sorry.



I know he wasn't your father, but...he was a *good man*, Zasha.

It's okay, Mom...we'll be okay.

Oh yes, I forgot about *us* for a second. Shit.

You could have been better to him, you know.

I know. He'd just *try* so hard...and I miss Dad so much...

Sorry. I'm just sorry.

Me too, honey.

Ughn. That sprint really winded me.

!#\$%&, what are we going to do now?

BIP BIP



Mom... you won't believe this...

I think I know how we can get out of here.



Sarge!

We...
Sarge?



Hey,
Harrison!

He's
here!



What's all
this damn
mess? Wasn't
Wendell up here
with Sarge
too?

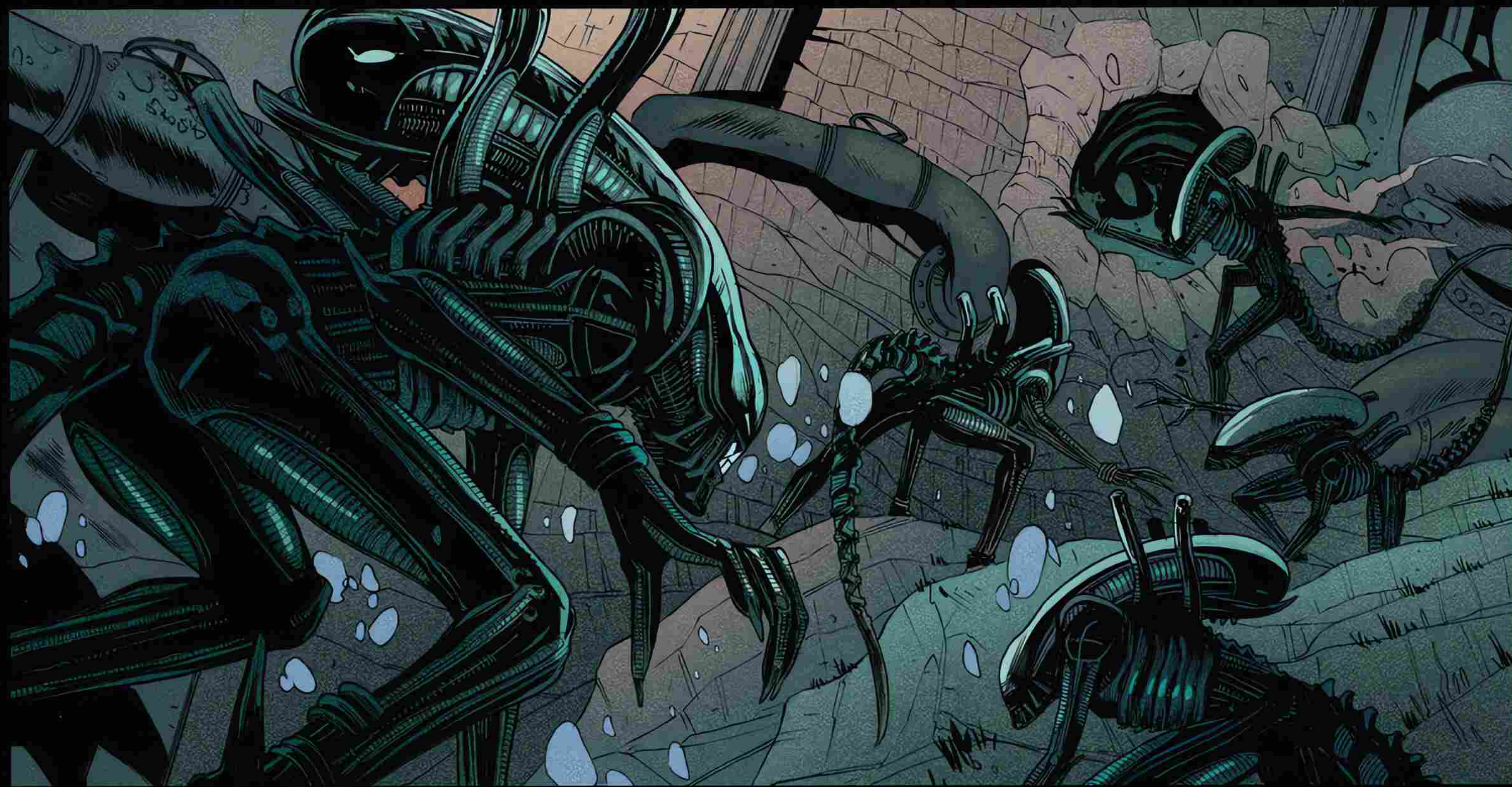
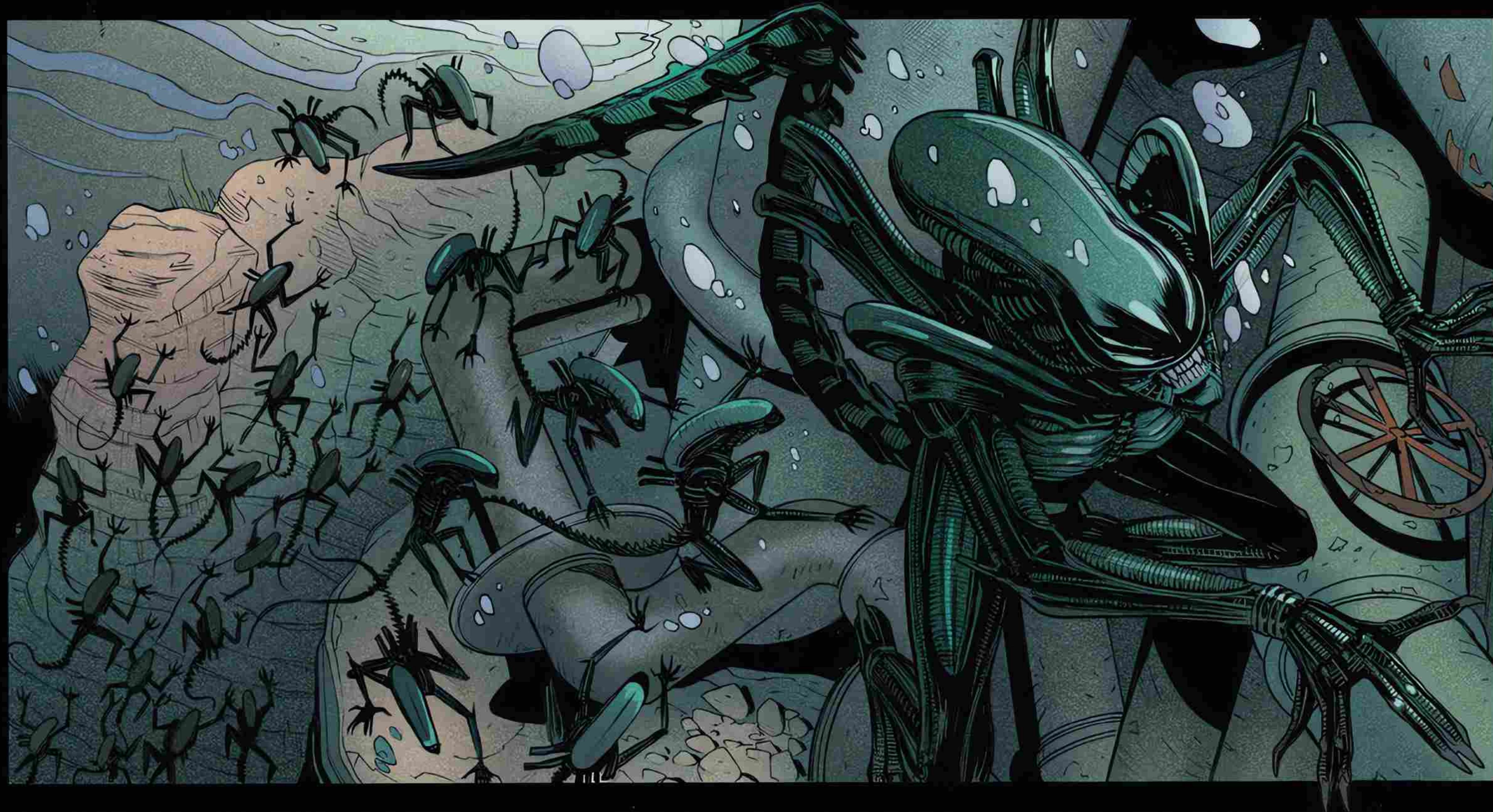
Ah shit.
Harrison.



%#\$@
me.



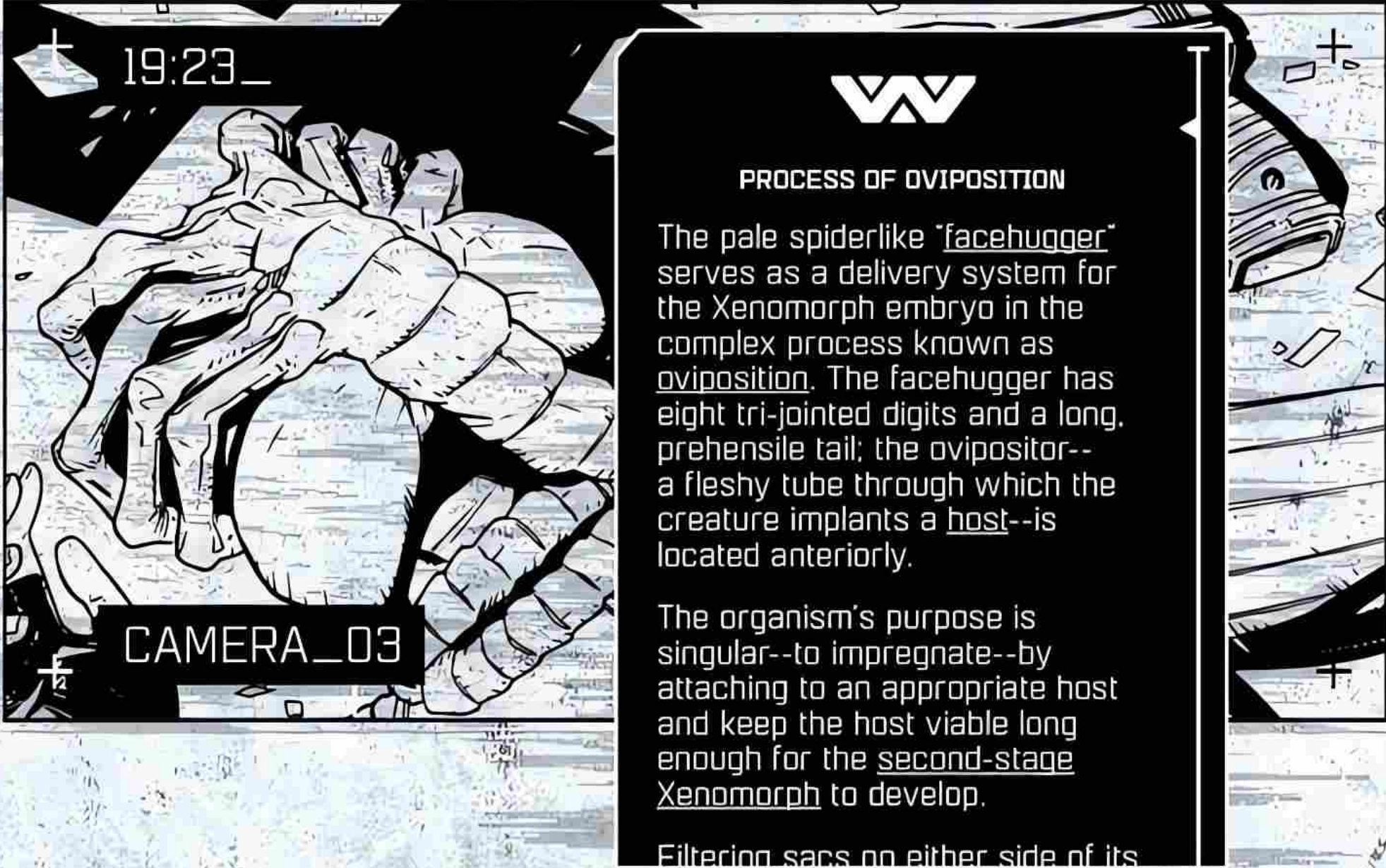
How much
worse can this
mess get?



In **2122**, the multinational corporation **Weyland-Yutani** diverted their commercial towing vehicle, the ***Nostromo***, to the moon **LV-426**. Weyland-Yutani, purporting to answer a possible distress call, secretly wished to secure specimens of a dangerous alien species known as **Xenomorphs** for study and profit. Tragedy struck the crew.

In **2179**, a colony known as **Hadley's Hope**--built on LV-426--was overrun by Xenomorphs. All rescue attempts failed.

Now the year is **2195**. **Talbot Engineering Inc.** sent scientist **Batya Zahn**, her partner, **Dayton**, and daughter, **Zasha**, to research the water resources on the frozen moon **LV-695**. After Zasha discovered a facehugger frozen in the ice, **Weyland-Yutani** bought Talbot in hopes of collecting Batya's research and samples, believing she's been conducting some illicit experiments of her own. Before they could question her too thoroughly, an **unusually colored Xenomorph** began terrorizing the base. In the chaos, Batya and Zasha sought to reunite with Dayton, who was imprisoned on WY's ship, the ***Boreas***. But just as Batya and Zasha were about to escape the base, the *Boreas* fell through the ice--with Dayton on board. Dozens more Xenomorphs are now clawing their way to the surface. With the *Boreas* submerged, will anyone escape LV-695?



A L I E N

T H A W PART 4 OF 5

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C'mon, Mom, we gotta move fast if we're gonna get there.

I'm trying, honey. It hurts. After all this...the damn escape ship, huh?

Yeah, looks like the fires or the quake shook apart the ice blocking the landing platform. The base ops screen I saw says the ship is operational again.

Finally, some *luck*. Just hope no one else has noticed.



Oh my god!

Don't have to worry about *him*, at least.



What happened to that man?

That wasn't a gun wound, or any weapon I've ever seen. Something *ripped* through him.

Okay. You've earned the right. I'm sorry, sweetie, my job wasn't *just* to test the water source here. I was doing some covert work on the side.

I've been examining *extra-terrestrial samples* we started finding last year. Your dad found the first one. Not long before his accident.



That's what I found in the ice? That's why Dayton didn't want me to bring it back.

Kinda. What you found contained a *new* sample from a *new* organism.

That's what Weyland-Yutani wants. Potentially, it could be worth a fortune. It *was* our ticket off this rock.



A ticket we can't cash now that everything's gone to hell.

Hhhh! Well, we have my research from the lab now and a bio sample.

A sample? I don't have a sample in my bag.



I snuck one out. I'm carrying it, sweetie.



Here.



What?! Mom.



We need to get it off this planet.

So your father didn't die for nothing.



This is fubar. Sarge... the team...the *ship*... We are so royally %\$#@ed.

Hold up, Harrison. This says the *Keg* escape platform is *operational*. All this shit must have thawed out the ice that had frozen up the machinery.

We've got a way out of here!



And just bail on the mission? Command will have our hides.

We don't have much choice, unless you want to die here.

%\$#@ that.

Exactly.



We need something to cover our asses. Leverage or some shit.

I got it.

Let's head for the platform, taking a small detour.

What about Sarge?



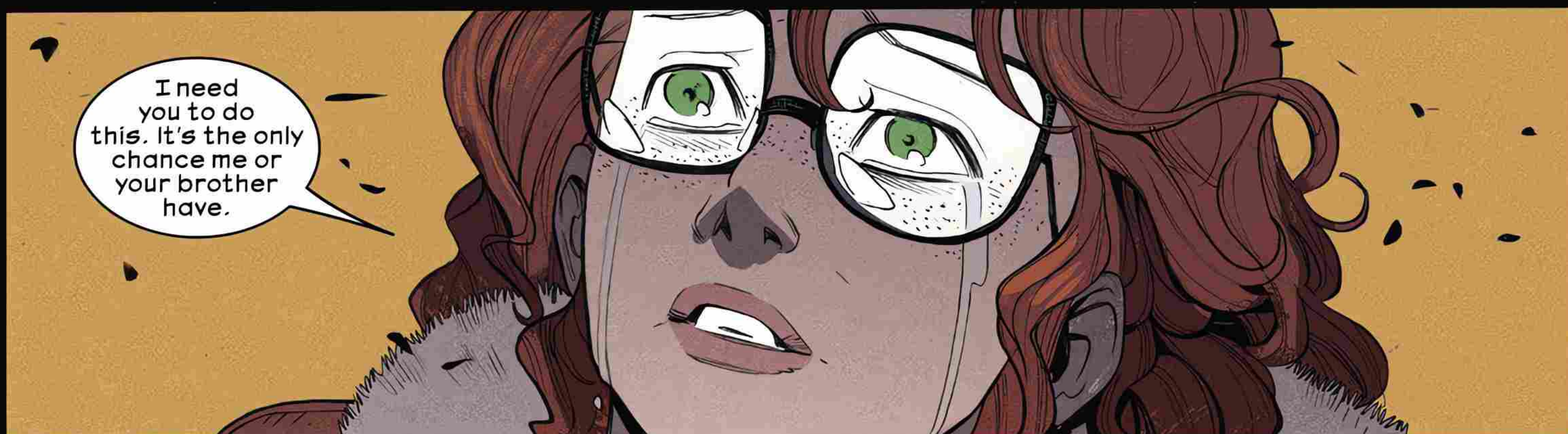
I can't carry him. After what we saw below, you want to mess with *that*?

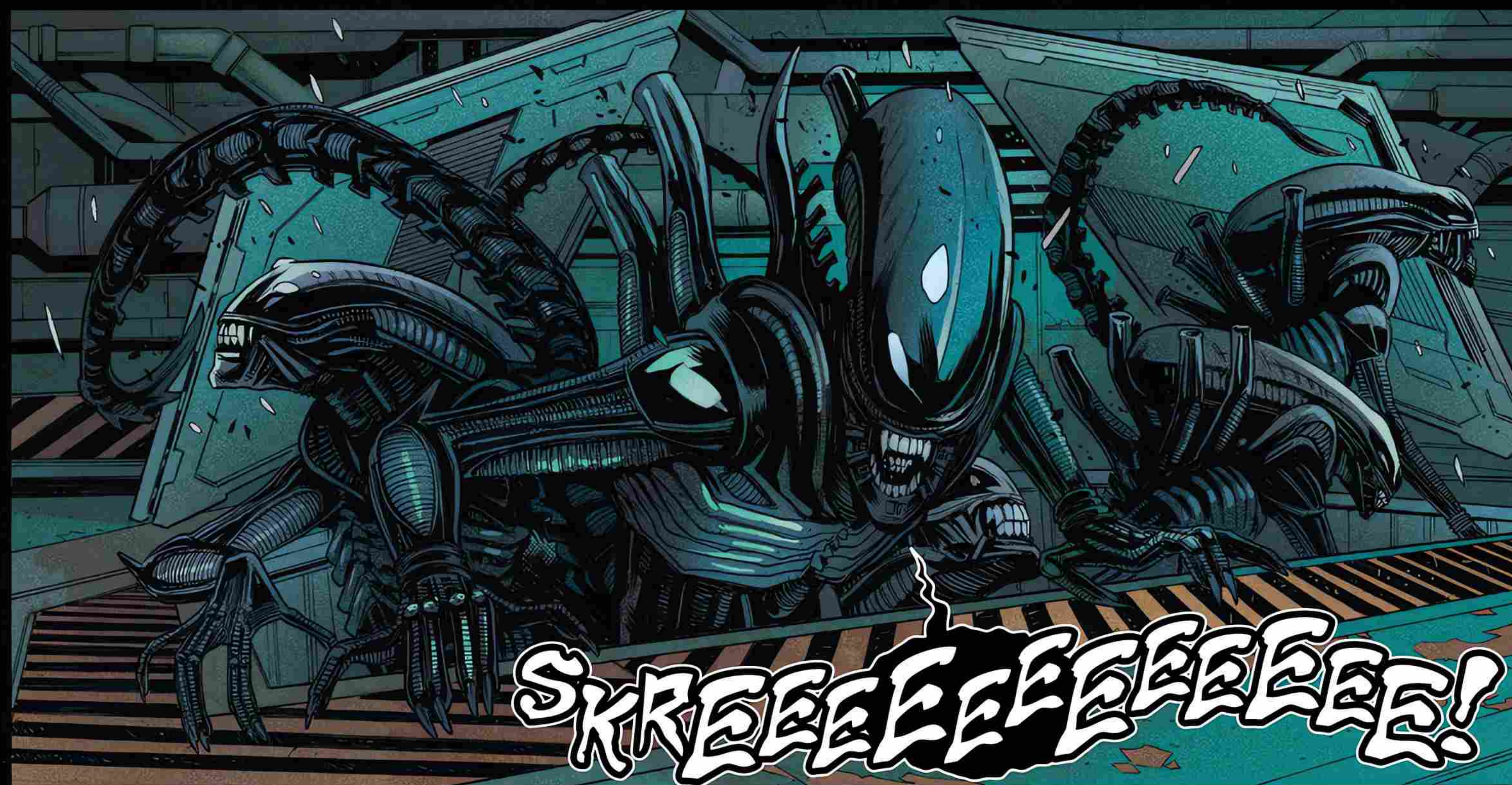
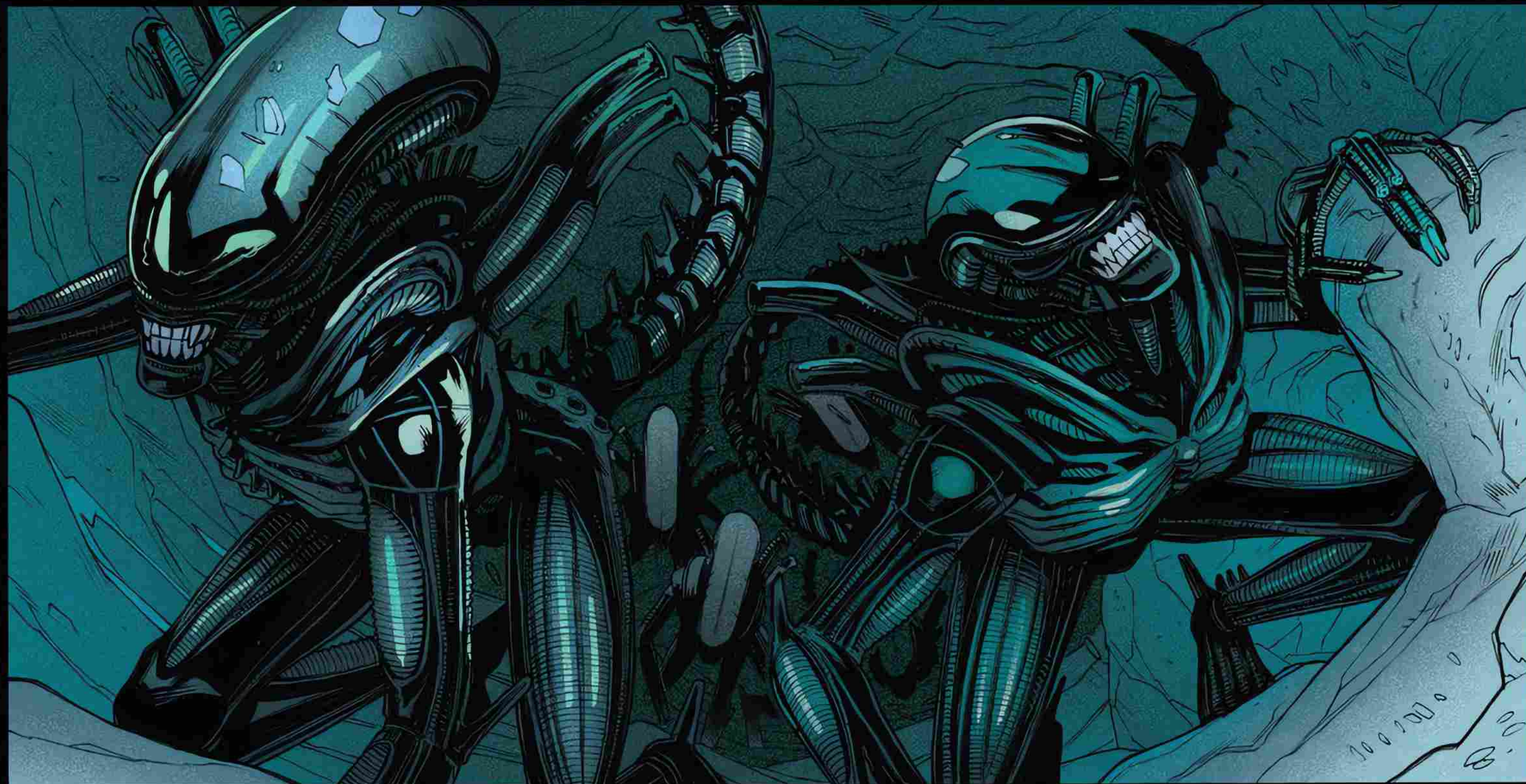
Yeah, shit.

What about the scientist we're holding? And her kid?

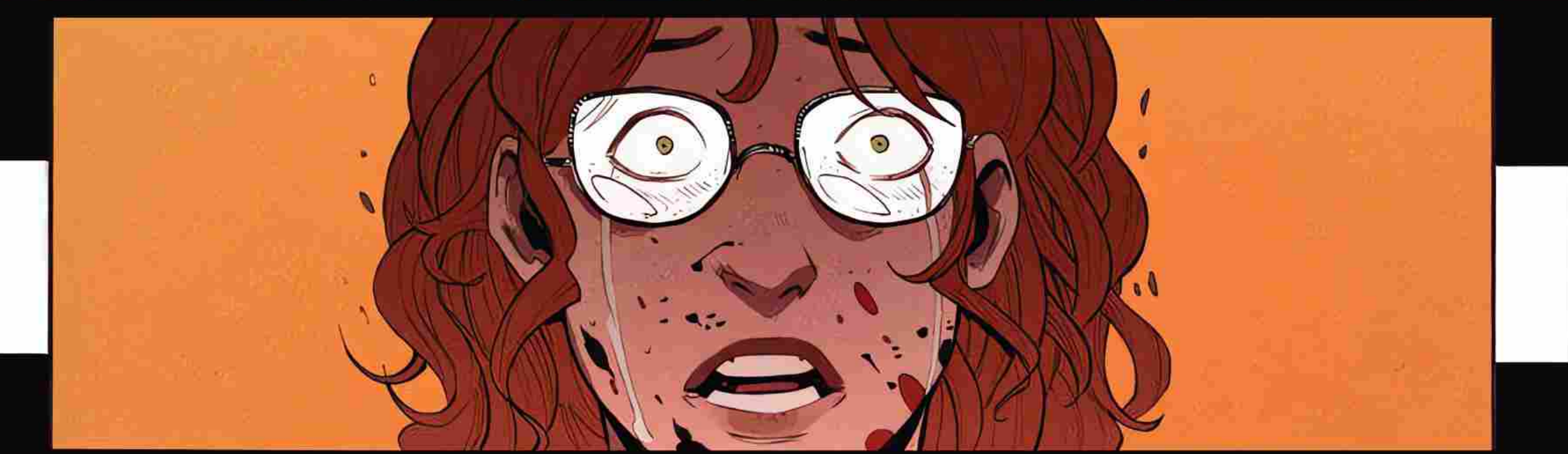
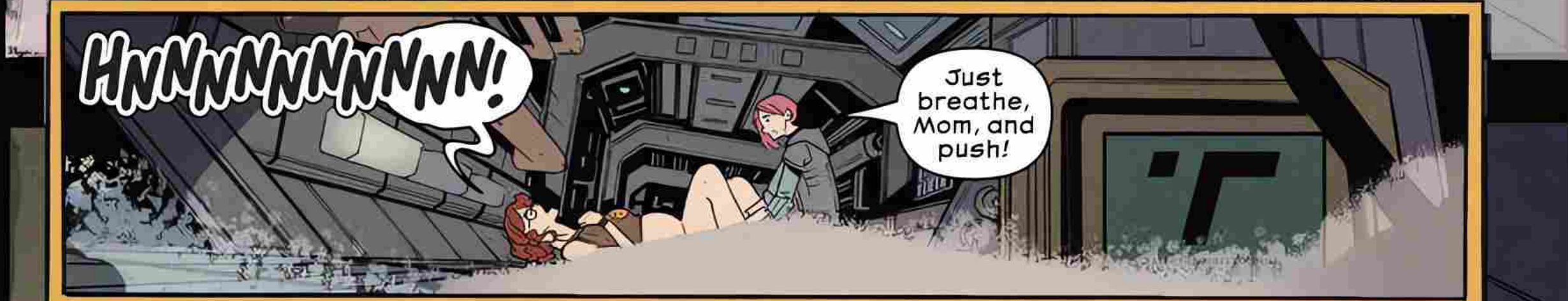


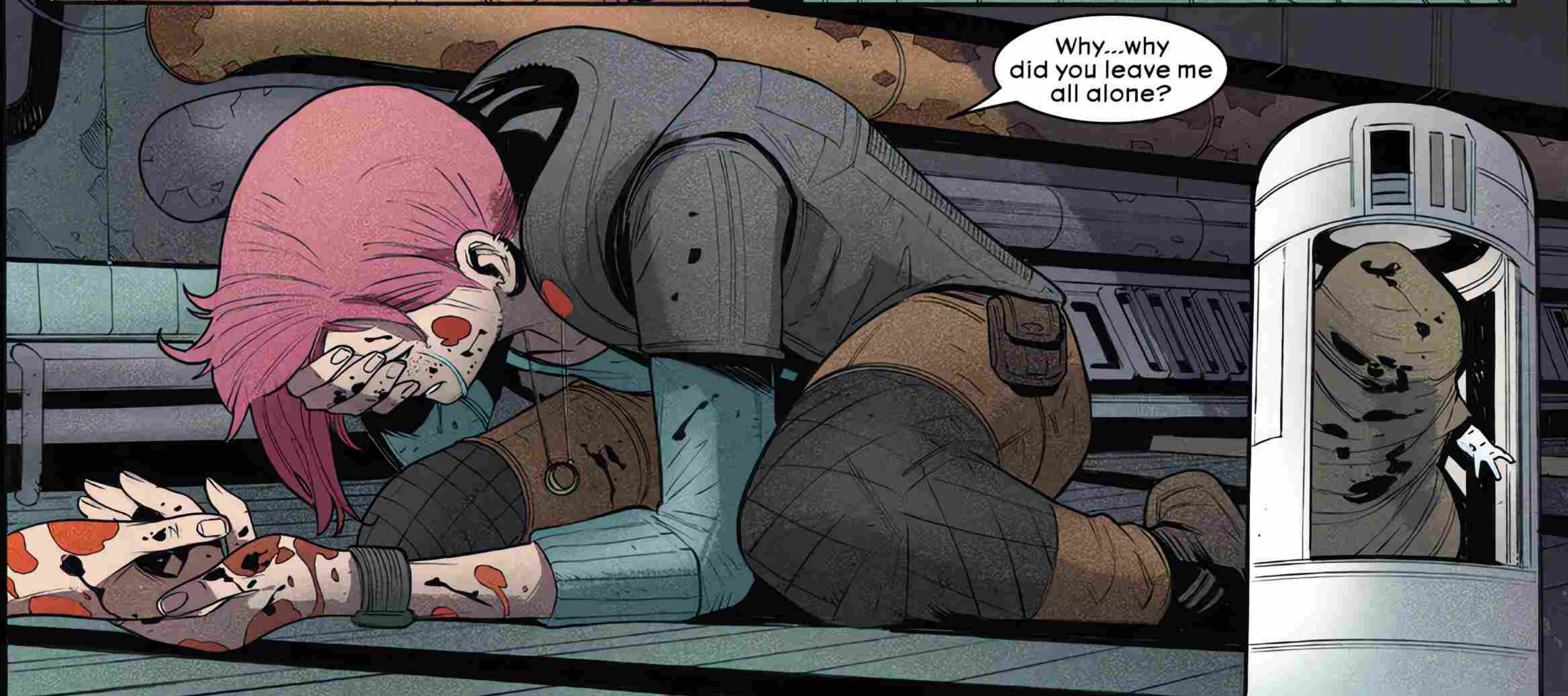
Let 'em burn or freeze-- I couldn't give a damn.

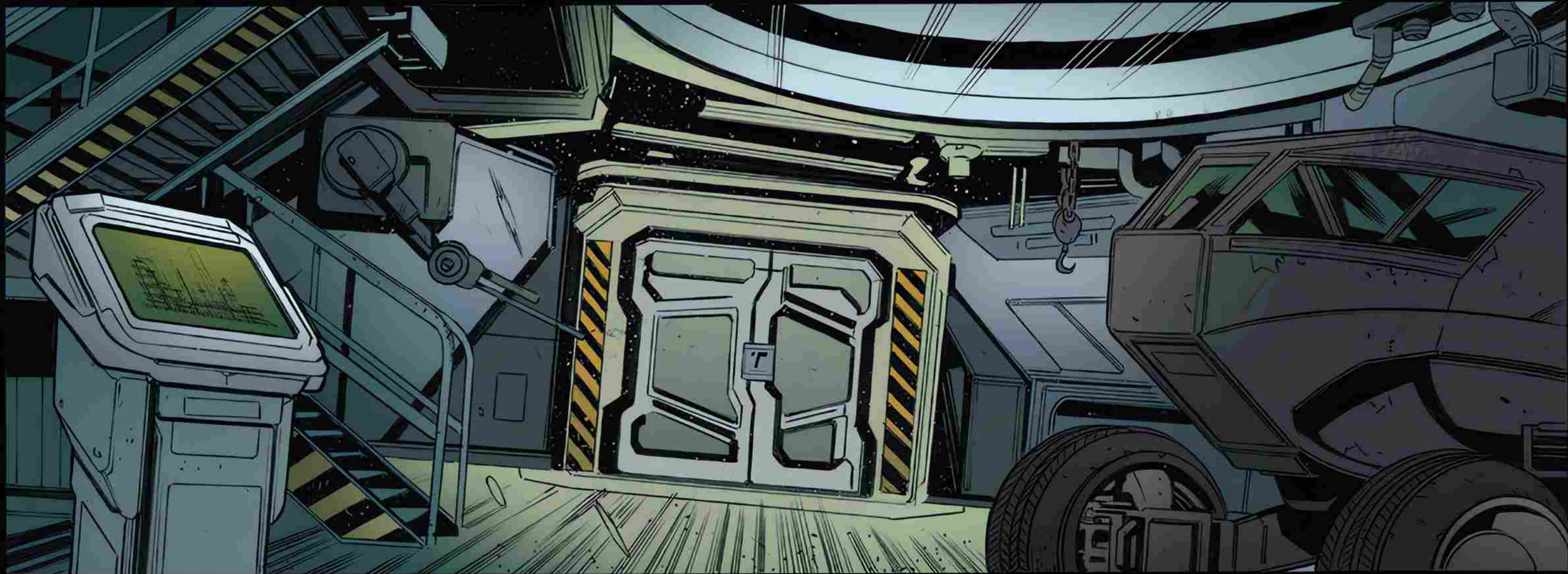




SKREEEEEEEEEEEE!









SKREEEEEEEE!



THOOOM

CRRRRK



CRASH

Better keep going, bro.

I couldn't deliver you into this world, but I can at least get you off it.

Bury you somewhere nice. Mom would like that.

LANDING PLATFORM

I always wanted to be just like her.

I don't think I could do what she did though.

I don't...

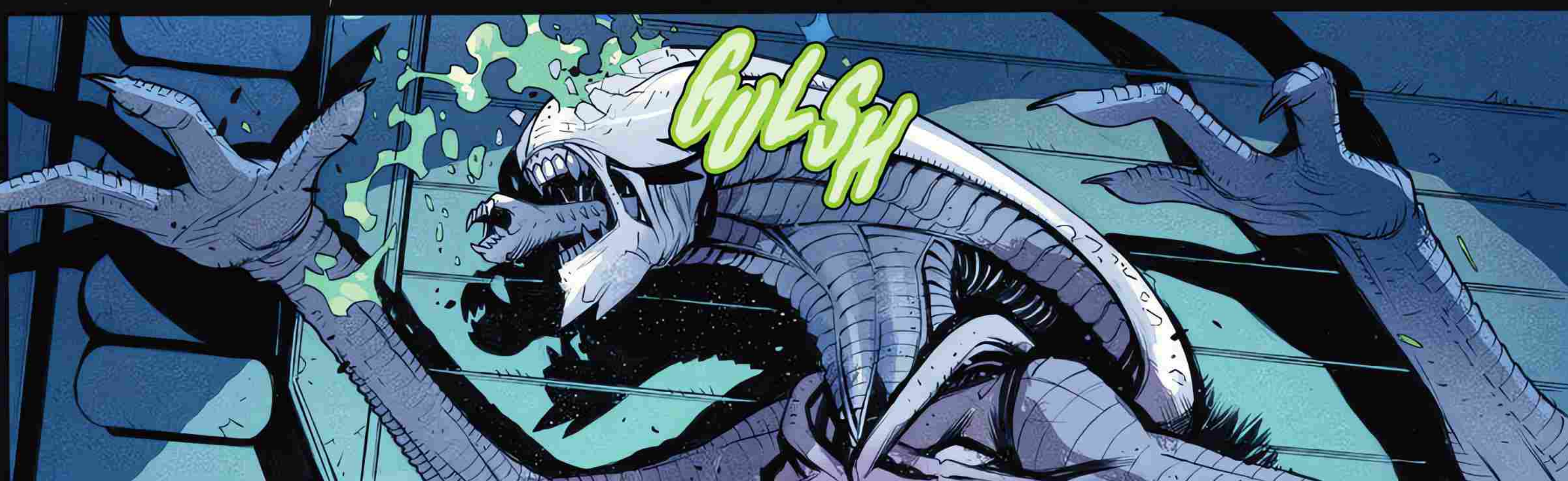
Oh god... what...?

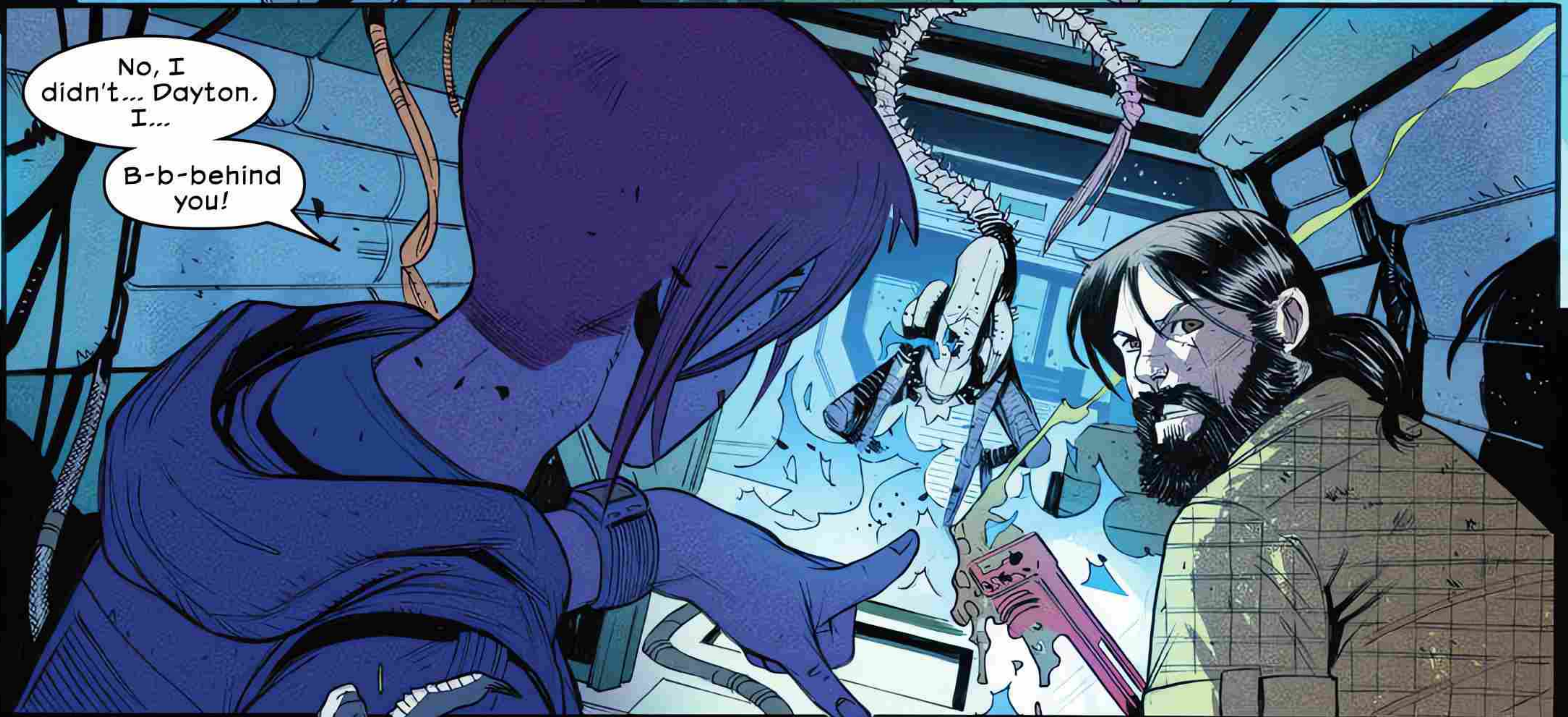
GHGHGHGHGH...

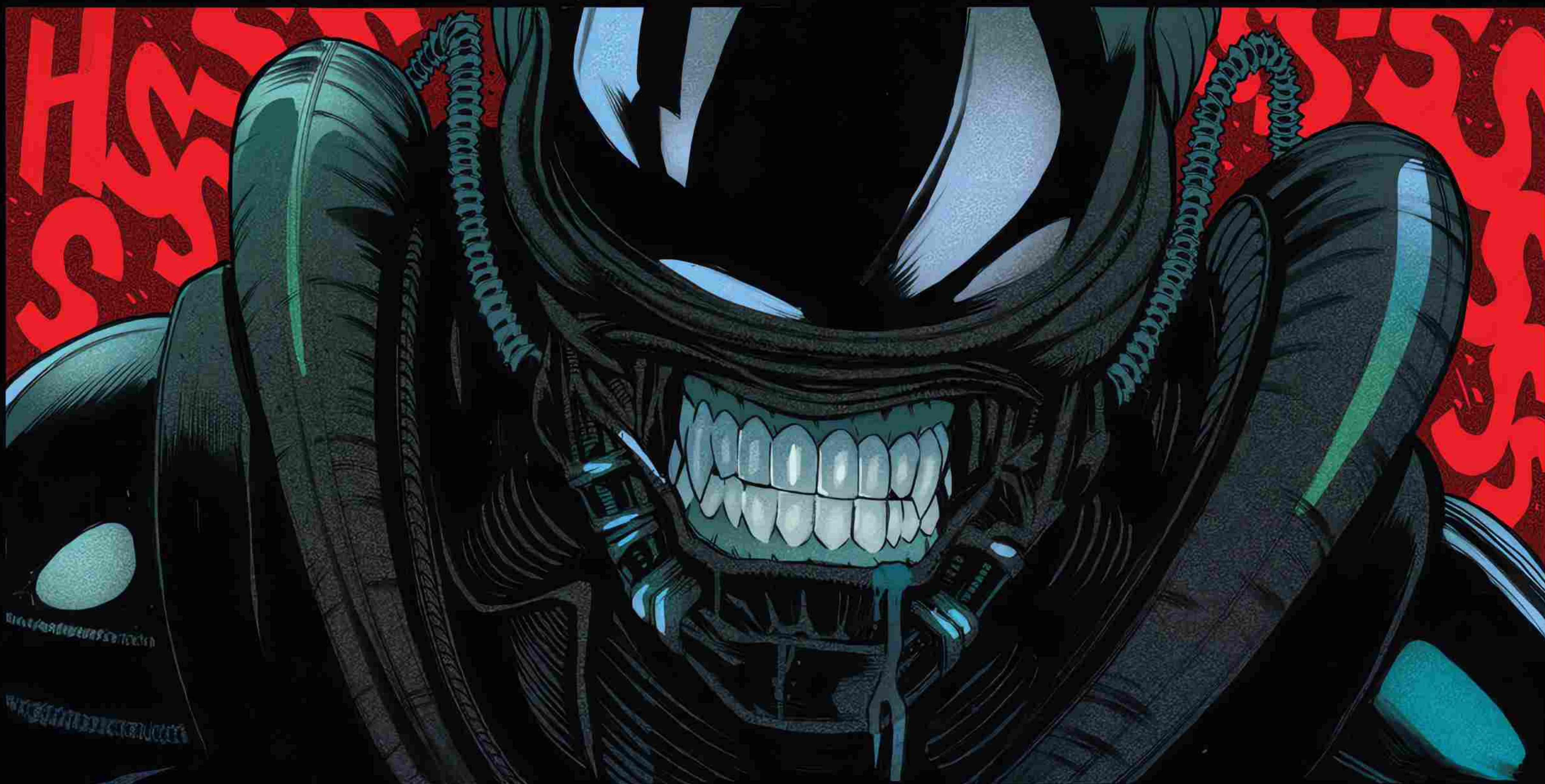
RRREEEEEEE!

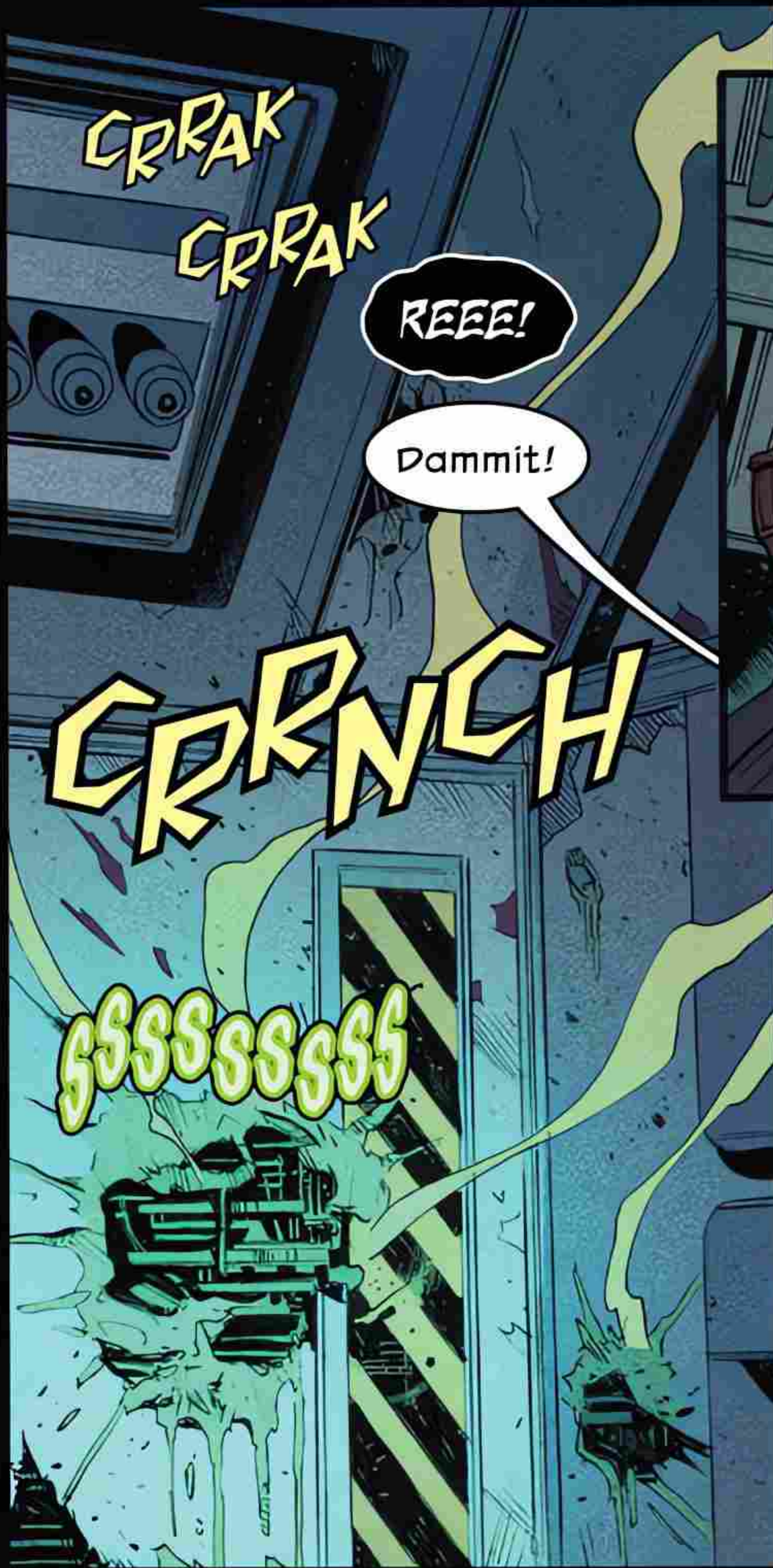
Nonononono...











TO BE
CONTINUED...

N E X T

A #5

